The Hope of Destiny

They say if a writer loves you, you'll never die.

So let me offer you immortality.

I'd hide you within my pages,

where I'm the only one who can read you.

And I'll show you what it means

when you're both the wound…

and the remedy.

Disclaimer

This book is based on my life, and I am the main character of this story.
But before going ahead, I would like to tell you that my name is Monu. About her: I cannot tell her name because I do not want anyone to judge her. That's why I always call her MJ ("Madamji").

It means 'Madamji'. That's why I mention 'Madamji' instead of her real name.

Introduction

When I was in 11th grade, I used to make lots of friends. But soon I learned that making new friends was not about true friendship; it was often just quantity, not quality.

In that friend circle, I had a crush on a girl. I thought she felt the same, but I was wrong she only used me, or took advantage of my kindness.

I realized this after six months, and it hurt me deeply because, to them, someone's true feelings were just a joke.

After that, I decided never to fall in love. I completed my 12th grade; almost two years passed. Then I developed self-doubt, trust issues, and began overthinking even small things.

About Madamji (MJ)

About my (MJ) Madamji: she was an introvert, shy, an overthinker, and a sensitive-hearted girl. She also faced many problems during her college days.

The main coincidence was that we had both faced the same situation and both had trust issues.

We wanted the kind of person who would take the effort to make another person happy and that's why…

Destiny wanted something crazy.

It's not about who wants you;
it's about who respects and values you.

Jo aane wala hai wo tumhari duaon sehi,
zyada khub suorat hoga..!

WHO WAS Madam Ji….!

I could tell you everything about her.

Who she was. How we met.

The colour of her eyes.

And the shape of her nose.

I could see her.

Right in front of me.

Chapter 1

Unsaid Destiny

The boy who never wanted to fall in love again had isolated himself from everything. Because I had suffered so much, I created a daily routine for myself. What to do, when to do, and how to do everything according to my own choice.

I used to wake up early in the morning and go to the gym. Then I had some snacks. After that, I completed all my remaining studies. Sometimes I took an afternoon sleep, and sometimes I skipped sleep and played online games.

In the evening, I did the same thing. I played online games with friends whom I felt were the real ones.

29 December 2024 – Sunday

That one day was 29 December 2024, a Sunday. In the afternoon, I was playing the online game BGMI.

During a random match, a random player suddenly joined our squad. I did not give much attention to the fourth player at first.

Then my teammates started asking me who the fourth player was. When I looked carefully, I saw the name written as “crazy moon.”

For a moment, I was confused about whether the player was a boy or a girl.

After a while, I asked the fourth player. If you are a boy and you have kept a girl's name, then you are going to get bullied. And if you are a girl, then we will do nothing.

Suddenly, the fourth player turned on the mice She said she was a girl.

At that moment, I was extremely happy. Before that day, no girl had ever joined our squad. That was why I was so excited.

We started playing the match. I observed her behavior. The way she talked. The way she respected everyone. Those things won my heart.

I gathered all my confidence and asked her for her Instagram ID. I was very embarrassed because it was the first time I had ever asked a girl for her ID.

She paused for a moment. Then she asked me why I wanted her ID.

I replied calmly. I told her that whenever she was free or alone, she could play with us. Nothing else.

She thought deeply. Then she said okay.

She gave me her Instagram ID. I was shocked that she actually gave it to me.

I told her not to fool me. I said that after the match, she would probably not accept my request.

She replied that she was not like other girls.

At that moment, I realized she was different.

She told me to wait. She said she would accept my request immediately.

And during that same game, she really accepted it.

All of this happened in one afternoon. It was written in our destiny.

Nothing was a coincidence. Every soul you meet is written in your destiny. To teach you. To heal you. Or to love you.

When I opened her Instagram profile, I was truly impressed. Her sweet and charming smile caught my attention.

I wondered what destiny was planning.

I had decided not to fall in love in 2025. With new regulations. Before even starting the year.

But God's plan hit different.

God says: "I may give you late, but I always give you better."

For five days, I texted her only one thing. When will you come to play?

She always replied. She always came.

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From that day onward, our conversations increased. From good morning. To good night.

Without realizing it, something changed.

While we still played together, the game became background music. Our real connection grew through long conversations. Instagram chats. Late-night Massages.

I started seeing her introverted and shy side. She was a girl of few words at first. But she had a sensitive heart that resonated with mine.

We realized we were like two mirrors. Reflecting the same past.

Both of us had carried trust issues. Both of us had faced pain. Both of us had been misunderstood.

The morning of the 12th started with a quiet consistency that had begun to define our days. It was 6:14 pm when I reached out with the same simple question I had asked for the past few days Will you come to play..? At that time I didn't realize how these small, repetitive check-ins were slowly weaving a thread between us. It wasn't just about the game anymore it was about ensuring she was there and that day what happened Suddenly, she sent me a voice note. In it, she told me to go ahead and play some matches, saying she would reach her home within 10 minutes. I replied, suggesting that she should take it slowly that she should freshen up and have some snacks after getting home before coming to play.

After 10 minutes had passed, I texted her again and teased that the ten minutes were already up. She quickly replied, telling me to wait because the game was starting; it was just taking some time to load. I smiled and told her, "Yes, yes, I am waiting for you...

As we moved through the 13th, "Good mornings" and "Good nights" became a natural rhythm. At 4:49 PM in the afternoon, I was free, so I asked her when she would come to play. She said that she had just left class.

Five minutes later, I received a voice note from her, which surprised me. In the recording, she said she was exhausted and was going to sit somewhere to take some rest before moving toward her home, which was why it would take her some time to get there. At that point, we weren't just random teammates in a squad anymore.

I then asked her how she managed both her studies and the game. She replied that she wanted to manage them because, if she didn't, her family members would remove her from the home. She didn't want that to happen, so she said she somehow had to manage; there wasn't another option, so she had to do all that work. Our conversations started to feel less like a formality and more like a bridge. The shy, introverted side of her that I had first noticed began to soften as she talked more freely with me.

Then, January 14th arrived. In the mid-afternoon, at 2:15 pm, I sent her a reel, and she reacted to it with a simple "thumbs up." I asked her what happened and if she was okay, noting that her reaction felt a bit brief. She replied that she was currently in the classroom and that her lectures were still going on. I acknowledged this, saying, "Oh, so studies are going on," and told her to continue with her work. I then asked when she would be free to play that evening, to which she simply replied, "Whenever I have the time."

I spent the evening waiting for her, but she never arrived. As it turned out, she had become so exhausted that she fell asleep. She didn't reply to my message until 9:00 pm, saying, "Sorry, I didn't see your message." I told her it was okay, and with that, the day came to an end.

By January 15th, in the early morning, I texted her while I was at college. She replied, and I told her that an NCC event was going on at my campus. I sent her a picture of it, and she mentioned that similar events were held at her college too. We were both studying in Degree College at the time

She said to me, "Very good," and on that, I replied and said, "Yes, Teacher Ji." She started blushing and she said me "Teacher Ji" was making chapattis. I was amazed by that, and then she sent me pictures of her chapattis. I saw how sweetly she had made those chapattis, and then I asked her, "When should I come?"

She replied, "Right now." Then I said that, unfortunately, I was in a lecture and by the time I reached, they would be finished. So then she sweetly said not to take tension; she would make another chapatti for me. That was the thing I had wanted to hear from her.

After that, I said to "Teacher Ji" to focus on her chapattis, otherwise, her mummy would complain about them. Then Teacher Ji confidently said there was no chance of that, and she told me, "Ku tha esma." I didn't get the exact meaning, so she explained to me that it meant, "I will make another for you."

That was the meaning.Then I started teasing her that instead of a chapatti, she would make a map. She replied, "No," and said her chapattis were always made in a perfect circle.I started teasing her, saying that instead of a round chapatti, she would probably make a map. She replied that her chapattis were always made in a perfect circle. I said, "Oho, nice!"

Later that evening, we didn't play together because her old friends were waiting for her. I told her it was okay for her to be with them. However, that was the day everything changed. Even when we played the game later, the sounds of the gunfire and the map movements became nothing more than background music to our voices. She would come home from class, and I found myself waiting for her, counting the minutes until she was free. That day, we realized we were like mirrors of each other carrying the same past heartaches and trust issues. We weren't just talking; we were healing.

On the 16th, the depth of our bond reached a new level. That day, while I was online in the game, I sent her a request to join my squad, but from her side, it was declined. I was shocked; I couldn't understand why she would do that, and I began to feel sad. I wondered what had suddenly happened and why she wasn't accepting my request.

Finally, at 9:00 pm, she came online. I asked her why she hadn't accepted my request, and she explained that she hadn't actually been there at the time. It was her teammates who had rejected the request and stopped me from joining the squad. By 10:30 pm, she had cleared up all my misunderstandings.

As the night went on, I told her it was time to sleep and asked when she usually went to bed. She casually mentioned that she stayed up until 3:00 or 4:00 am. That moment was a shock to me, and I questioned why she stayed up so late. She didn't give a direct answer, but later that night, she told me she was eating ice cream. I teased her, saying, "Oho, alone, alone?" She sweetly replied, "Come, join me," but...I told her it was too far, and that by the time I reached her, the ice cream would have melted. When she asked why, I explained that the distance between us was the reason it wouldn't last.

She warmly replied that she would simply buy a new one for me whatever kind I liked. I said, "Oho, nice," and she sweetly added that for me, she would do anything.
I told her my favorite was a mixture of chocolate and almond, and when I asked for her favorite, she replied that it was chocolate only she loved chocolate more than anything, along with cookies.

Then, I teased her and asked why she was "building her body" with all that ice cream. She smiled and said no, explaining that she used to go to the gym but had since left. I then asked her if she would come to meet me when I traveled to Pune. She told me it wouldn't be possible for at least three months because of her exams.

I kept teasing her, calling her a "fatty girl" with a smile, but she sweetly insisted she wasn't fat at all. She described herself as fit and fine not too heavy and not too thin. I replied, "Ooo, so that's the reason for your beauty." I joked that perhaps she didn't eat that much, and that was why she stayed so fit.

I told her that when I eventually secured a contract, I would use that as an opportunity to come and meet her. Curious, she asked me what I did for a living. I replied that I was currently a student, but besides my studies, I was learning skills that would help me in the future. She appreciated my ambition, and her words made me feel truly happy.

During our conversation, she questioned whether I was Haryanvi. I answered and cleared up the misunderstanding, explaining that I wasn't Haryanvi but actually belonged to Uttar Pradesh. When I asked if something had happened to make her think that, she replied that it was nothing at all.

I then mentioned that my own exams would be starting the following month. At that time, she was already busy with her presentations and practical exams. I encouraged her to keep going with her hard work, teasingly asking, "If you don't continue, how will you ever become a teacher?"

She sweetly called me "Sir Ji," and the moment I heard that word, I couldn't help but smile; it was the first time anyone had called me that. She told me she was torn between becoming a teacher or a lawyer, though she was also deeply interested in fashion design. I tried to make her understand that she should choose one path and focus her energy there. She confided in me that her family didn't support her choosing a different field, so I told "Teacher Ji" to listen carefully: she needed to convince her parents because they would eventually agree with a firm decision. She sadly replied that they would never understand, which was why she had never spoken to them about it. I told her to listen to her heart and soul; she had to choose whatever made her feel good and always believe in herself.

I shared my own experience with her, explaining that I had faced the same family issues. I had wanted to do something different, but my mother wasn't ready for it and suggested engineering instead, believing my future would be better there. I told her how I had to convince my parents three or four times before they finally told me to do whatever I wanted, as long as it was the right thing. We realized we both came from joint families where drama and conflict were constant. I explained that this was why my family had shifted to Mumbai.

She sadly admitted that she often felt depressed because of her home environment, which was why she chose to play games rather than talk to people. I told her that we found peace in the game, but that life is a cycle where we must face difficult situations.

I asked if she had finished her ice cream, and she said she was still eating it. Everyone else had fallen asleep, and she was simply listening to music. She called songs the "perfect partner for loneliness," and I agreed. She was the kind of girl who sought peace in everything and didn't like talking much to others. When she told me her life felt like "hell," I felt a wave of nervousness for her. She struggled with social anxiety, but I reassured her that with time, everything would be fine and she would realize this was just a learning phase.

It was shocking to me how much we had in common I swore to her that 80% of our lives matched. She told me that when she was alone, she read books, listened to music, or played games to divert her thoughts. I sweetly told her not to worry anymore.

When she asked why, I told her that whenever she felt alone or unwell, she could always talk to me.

By 11:30 pm, she asked when I was going to sleep. I admitted that I usually slept by 11:00, but for the past few days, I had been too stressed to sleep on time. She comforted me, telling me she trusted me and that I should relax and approach my goals with a calm mind. She promised that if I wasn't feeling fine, she would find a way to relax me. I told her to message me whenever she needed to talk, and if I didn't reply, she should call me because I would always be available for her. I promised her I would never break that word.

Like a small child, she began to treat me with care, telling me it was late and I should sleep. I told her I wasn't feeling sleepy yet, so she told me to remember the best things in my life. I said, "My mummy and papa." She smiled and told me to remember nice days with them, close my eyes, and sleep. When I still couldn't drift off, she told me to just keep talking to her, and I replied, "Yes, Teacher Ji."

Then, she asked me to tell her more about myself. I mentioned to her that, by the way, I was actually her senior. Upon hearing that, she asked if she should call me her "leader brother." I was completely shocked; it was the last thing I wanted to be called! I somehow managed to handle the situation and told her, "No, no, don't call me that." I suggested that she could just call me Monu, or simply consider me a classmate.

After that, I began to describe who I really was. I told her that I was a mix of everything part introvert, part extrovert, shy, and an overthinker. I explained that I felt divided, having a little bit of each of those traits within me.

Mare sath rahena ashan nhi

Aur pata nahi kyun Lekin

Main Thoda Ajeeb hunn

Kabhi kabhi lagta hain ki main

dusron ke liye thik nhi hun

Aur unke liye bhi accha nahi hun baki

Wo mare saath rahe

Main unhe srif takleef hee dunga

Wo log

Mare sath khush nahi rahenge

I told her about my tendencies to overthink, and she advised me to always think positively. She admitted that while she couldn't solve her own problems, she found it easy to solve the problems of others. I replied, "Oh, so that’s the issue."

I confided in her that I always gave advice to my friends on how to talk to their girlfriends, even though I was still single. My advice was always worth it, and that was how I gained my experience. She told me that, in her case, it was the opposite; her female friends often dated "playboys," which was why she had become a heartless person. I told her that in this generation, "playboys" and "playgirls" were everywhere. I said it wasn't easy to find real love it was rare, or something that had to be in your destiny.

I felt so sad for her when she told me she was the type of girl who fell for only one boy, but he hadn't loved her back. I asked her why people changed their choices as quickly as clothes, moving on to someone else within a week or a month. She confessed to me that she still hadn't forgotten him.

Because she was so honest about her true feelings, I felt I should also be honest about my past. I asked if I could tell her my story, and she said, "Sure, you can." I told her about when I had newly joined the 11th standard. Everything was going perfectly until I suddenly saw the girl I'd had a crush on since the 8th standard. She said, "Wow, then what happened?" I explained that although I had a crush on her, she had made it clear that we could only be friends. I tried to convince myself to accept it, but I eventually became a heartless person.

I continued, telling her that throughout the 11th standard, I didn't speak to her. However, four months into the 12th standard, she approached me and said my behavior had totally changed. The hardest part was that she knew I had a crush on her, yet she had been clear that we couldn't be together. By the final six months of the 12th standard, she started coming close to me again. I thought she finally shared my feelings, but unfortunately, she didn't. That experience broke me totally from the inside. I told her that was the reason I didn't want to love anyone again because for some, it was just a joke, but for others, it was true emotion and deep feeling.

After I shared my story, I told her that was all that had happened to me. I comforted her, saying that despite everything she had gone through the depression she had faced and eventually overcome she was such a strong girl. I called her "Teacher Ji" and told her that it was simply a tough chapter of life that she had been forced to learn from.

Then, I asked her a serious question: "Do you trust me?" She said, "Yes!"

I began to tell her that I knew how hard it was to accept what she had experienced, but unfortunately, we had to accept it and learn. I told her not to blame herself because it wasn't her fault; she had been honest, even if the other person had not been. I reassured her that all these experiences would help her make better decisions in the future.

As she opened up, I tried to be her safe space, telling her that whenever she felt uncomfortable or sad, she could talk to me freely. There was a sense of honesty between us that didn't need big, fancy words just the truth. She then told me that she was no longer interested in love, and I replied that I felt the same way. I added that I was waiting for someone to come into my life so that I could show them what real love truly looked like.

She smiled and said, "Good."

Finally, I told her to believe in God and in her faith. I said that the right person would come at the right time, bringing a life full of love and effort just for her. I reminded her that at the right time, she would get exactly what she deserved.

I told her that whenever she felt uncomfortable, she could talk to me freely because I would always be available for her. She listened, and then gently told me that it was very late and I needed to go to sleep.

She replied to me, "Goodnight, sweet dreams, take care, Sir Ji."

I sweetly replied, "Goodnight, sweet dreams, Madam Ji."

On the morning of the 17th, I woke up early at 4:30 am. I texted her, "Good morning, Madam Ji," and then I went to the gym and college. Around 8:49 am, she texted me back, "Good morning." I teased her and said she woke up very early. She replied that she actually woke up late because she went to sleep late. That day, she had finally gone to sleep at 6:00 am.

I joked and asked if she was doing a part-time job at night. She said, "No, Sir Ji." She told me that after she put her phone away, she liked to read books. I was very interested in her late-night reading habit. I asked what kind of books she read philosophy, romance, or finance? She replied that she only read "overthinking books." I suggested a book called Atomic Habits to help her turn her overthinking into something positive. Around 9:50 am, we stopped talking.

In the afternoon, at 4:20 pm, I asked if she wanted to play. She said no because she was going out for shopping. She teased me and told me to come with her. I teased her back and said that if she called me, of course I would come. Then she asked if I had eaten anything.

We started talking about tea. She said she loved tea very much. I told her I loved it too, but I had to stop drinking it because of the gym. She said she could never do that because tea was her life. I called her a true tea lover.

She said that tea was the reason she was fit. When I told her I already knew she was fit, she asked how I knew. I told her I saw her pictures in her highlights. She said she had another picture and asked if I wanted to see it. I said yes, and she sent it. I was amazed by how beautiful she looked. I cannot find the words to say how gorgeous she was.

I teased her and told her that I remembered a song that perfectly suited her photo. She was curious and asked me which one it was. I told her the song was, "Teri Adaye Nashe Mein Dubayi."

Aisa asar hai, teri nazar ka

Hosh raha na, mujhko sabar ka

Har pal hai mujhko, tera hi nasha

Tujhse judi hai, meri har khushi

Teri adayein mujhe pagal banaye

She replied, "Oh," and said thank you. Then she sent a voice note saying she heard the song and understood. However, she was still confused about what to wear to go out. She felt like nothing was looking perfect. I asked her, "Can I suggest what you should wear?"

She asked how I could help, so I told her to send me photos of her clothes. She sent a photo of a white kurti, but I didn't think it was perfect. I asked if she had a red and black kurti. She said yes, and I told her to wear it. I said it would make her look even more beautiful. A few minutes later, she got ready and sent a photo.

I told her she looked perfect, but something was still missing. She asked what it was. I mentioned earrings and a bindi. Once she added those, I told her everything was perfect.

After that, she only replied with "Ok." I got worried and confused. I thought she might be angry with me. I told her I was sorry if I had said anything wrong or unwanted.

She sent another voice note. She asked me if she had ever said I was wrong.

She then said sorry to me because she had actually changed her outfit again.

She told me she didn't feel comfortable in the red and black one, so she changed. I told her it was no problem. I said that whatever she wears, she looks perfect. She asked, "Who?" and I told her that no one could ever doubt her beauty.

She went shopping and came back at 7:20 pm. I asked if she was finished, and she said yes. I asked what her next plan was, and she said "nothing." And that was how the day ended.

On the 18th, we started our day as usual with a "Good morning." I asked her what time she had gone to sleep the night before, and she said 4:00 am. I was shocked again. I told her that we needed to change her routine, but she said it was not possible. She told me she had "broken her relationship with sleep."

I asked her to tell me her daily schedule, and she explained it to me. She said she woke up at 6:00, 7:00, or sometimes 10:00 am. After getting fresh, she helped her mother with the housework. From 12:00 to 3:00 pm, she finished all her college work. Then, from 3:00 to 6:00 pm, she went to her classes.

She returned home at 7:00 pm and played games until 9:00 pm. At 10:00 pm, she had her dinner. Then, from midnight to 3:00 am, she played games again. If her phone still had a battery charge after that, she would scroll through Instagram. Finally, around 4:00 am, she would read her books. That was her whole schedule.

She told me that she had been trying to change for the last two years, but she hadn't seen any results. I comforted her and told her to believe in herself and that everything would eventually change. She felt very emotional and said that she now found peace in her busy schedule, living alone or staying away from people.

I told her she should only talk to the people she felt comfortable with. She agreed and said that was exactly what she did. She explained that this was why she had her "gaming family." I then asked her, "Am I a part of your gaming family?"

She sweetly replied, "Yes, of course." I smiled and thanked her for adding me to her family.

She told me she was getting late for her class. I told her she still had 40 minutes and hadn't freshened up yet. I calmly told her not to worry and to go slowly. She said she would text me after class and then she left.

Later, she finished her class and texted me. She said her paper did not go well because the questions confused her. She had answered everything, but she was afraid of getting low marks. I told her not to worry. I said since she had already answered all the questions, she shouldn't take so much tension. I told her to relax and that everything would be fine.

I asked her what she was doing. She said she was trying to convince her mother to let her go out. There was a function at a friend's house. Two or three days ago, her mother had given her permission to go out, but "Madam Ji" had said no because she wasn't interested then. Now that she wanted to go, her mother was not ready to let her. She was putting in all her effort to change her mother's mind.

I suggested we play a game, and she said okay. But then I realized my phone did not have enough battery. I told her, "Wait, sorry," and asked her to come back at 5:30 in the afternoon instead. She told me she had to make Pav Bhaji then. I teased her and said, "Madam Ji is very multi-talented."

I told her that I also knew how to cook. She replied, "Acha Ji?" I was surprised by her reply. With a smile, I said, "Sachi Ji." She simply said, "Good."

I asked her if she knew how to play chess. She said she knew a little bit. Since it was Saturday, I told her that tomorrow was Sunday. I suggested that we should plan to play chess all night on Sunday. She agreed to the plan.

At 6:00 pm, she texted me. She said she was going out with her mother. Her mother and her mother's friend were going shopping, and she was going to sit at the shop. I told her she should go along with them, but she said she didn't like wandering around here and there.

I asked her, "When I come to Pune, how will we go outside? I don't know anything about the city." She joked and said, "Don't worry, Google is there." I smiled and teased her, asking, "What if I get there and I get lost?"

She told me that would not happen. When I asked why, she calmly said it was because she would hold my hand the whole time. She said she would not let go of my hand, so there was no way I could get lost.

I replied, "Yes, Madam Ji."

Around 8:40 pm, I asked if she had finished her dinner. She said yes and asked me the same thing. I told her no, because I was not feeling well and had gone outside for a walk. I came back home at 9:20 pm and told her I had finished my dinner. I asked if she had downloaded the chess game, and she said yes.

At 10:00 pm, she told me, "Finally, Sir Ji is back." I teased her that she was the one who was busy. She said she had been playing BGMI and was feeling tired. I told her not to worry and suggested we play chess. She downloaded the app and gave me her ID. I sent her a request to play together.

Suddenly, she called me on Instagram audio. I was surprised that she called me at night. We played chess while talking, and I defeated her two or three times. Then I told her that I couldn't talk much longer on the call. My uncle and my brother were in the bedroom with me. I told her she could call me anytime in the morning, but not at night because of my family. She said she had the same problem because she was with her sister and aunt.

We stopped playing and went back to chatting. I asked her when she would sleep. She said she still had time. She mentioned that everyone else was asleep and I was the only one awake with her. I joked that I was like an owl. I told her not to worry because I was there to keep her company. I promised her that every Saturday and Sunday, I would give her an "unlimited offer" to stay awake and talk.

She smiled and said, "Bolo, Sir Ji." She asked me what was special for dinner, and I told her it was Sunday special chicken. She was surprised and asked if I ate non-veg. I told her, "Of course, I am a gym boy." She replied, "Acha Ji."

Then she asked me how my day was. I told her my whole routine: waking up at 4:30 am, going to the gym, then college, coming home to do work, playing games, and taking a one-hour nap. She said, "Very good."

She asked about my mother and if she had a job. I softly told her that my mother was a housewife. When I asked her the same thing, she said her mother was a housewife too. I teased her and said, "Same, same!" She agreed, "Yes, Sir Ji."

I told her that 50% to 80% of our lives were matching. She noticed it too but said our lives only matched a little bit. I quickly told her, "No, it is more than a little bit. It is 50% to 80%!" I teased her and asked when it would become 100%. She asked how that would even happen. I told her I didn't know yet, but it would happen slowly. When she asked how, I replied, "By God's plan." She just said, "Ooo."

Then I changed the topic. I told her I had something to show her. I sent her a video clip of me at the gym. She saw it and said, "Wow." I told her I was not happy with my progress yet. She looked at the video again and told me it was actually very good. She comforted me and said that with time, everything would be fine. I just smiled.

I asked her if she liked anime. She said yes and asked how I knew. I told her I just felt that "vibe." It turned out we were both anime lovers. She told me she had seen many anime movies, like 5 Centimeters per Second and A Sign of Affection. I told her I had seen those too and that they were fantastic. We both agreed that the movie Your Name was a beautiful story about life.

Then I asked her how many books she had finished reading. She said she had read more than 68 books. I was shocked! She asked me how many I had read, and I told her only three: Rich Dad Poor Dad, 90 Days, and Atomic Habits. She told me she mostly liked to read sad books or stories that were not real. I told her that those books probably changed how she saw the world. I told her, "Don't worry, everything will be fine now because your Sir Ji is here."

I mentioned that I liked reading about money and finance. Then, she asked me a very sweet question. She asked if I would read one page of a book with her every day. She hoped this would help her fall asleep earlier at night. I told her, "Of course, why not, Madam Ji."

While we were talking, she suddenly stopped replying. I waited for a while, but then I realized she had finally fallen asleep. I texted her, "Good night, sweet dreams," and the day ended.

On January 19th, the day was awesome. In the morning, she texted me "Good morning." I told her she woke up very early. She said she did not even realize when she had fallen asleep the night before. I told her she should have let me know because I was waiting for her message, but I eventually understood that she had just drifted off.

She told me she had woken up at 4:00 am. I said she should have texted me then, but she told me she had stayed up reading books until 6:00 am before going back to sleep. Her phone battery was low, so I told her it was okay. I asked if she had eaten breakfast, but she was too upset to notice my question. She started complaining about the guests at her house. They were making noise while she was sleeping, and she was very frustrated.

I was a good listener while she told me her problems. I calmly said, "Don't worry, first of all, calm down." She told me that no one dared to touch her when she was like this. I teased her and said, "That’s why you are a Lady Don, right, Madam Ji?"

She smiled and told me it was necessary to be that way sometimes.

She invited me to have lemon tea with her. I told her, "Wait, I am coming!" I mentioned that I was making breakfast. She asked me what I was making, and I told her I was boiling eggs and milk and cutting fruits. She was shocked and smiled. She said she did not like eating that much healthy food. I told her it depends on the person. She said she never eats breakfast in the morning, but I explained that my body needs a lot of energy, so I have to eat. She said she knew that but could not manage a diet. I advised her to start slowly, but she said she didn't want to diet because she was already fit. I said, "Fine, I know you are fit. Enjoy your lemon tea." Then I asked if she enjoyed playing chess the night before. She said she was half-asleep while playing, which is why she lost. I teased her and told her to practice so she could give me a tough match next time. She said she didn't need to practice because she knew she would lose anyway. I told her, "Don't worry, baba."

She asked if she looked like an old lady to me. I said, "No, no!" She asked why I always called her "baba" then. I smiled and explained that I only use that word for people who are very close to me. I told her I swear I don't use it for anyone else. She told me that normally everyone calls her "beta," but I was calling her "baba." I teased her and said that I am a unique person, so I use unique words.

After some time, I remembered our plan. I asked her which book she was going to read with me at night. She promised we would definitely read together that night. However, I told her there was a problem. I could not be on a call at night because my older brother was always in the bedroom with me. She suggested we could talk on a normal call in the morning. I told her not too early, because at 5:00 am, I was always at the gym. She said she would let me know when she was free.

Then, I asked her about the photos in her highlights. I asked if they were new or old. She said they were recent. I told her I was still confused because she looked different in the red kurti photo compared to her highlights. She explained that she had lost the password to her old Instagram account. She had to make a new one and added those photos recently. To clear my doubts and show me what she really looked like, she asked if she could call me. I said okay. She called on Instagram, but the video was not clear because of a glitch. Suddenly.

she asked me for my phone number. **I was surprised because it was the first time someone had asked for my number like that,** I gave it to her, and she called me on WhatsApp. But I told her I could not talk for long because my mother was sitting right beside me. She told me that she didn't have many problems talking at her home. I told her I already knew that. I explained that I could talk freely on a normal voice call, but I was not ready for a video call yet. She said that was okayThen, I gave her a compliment. I told her she looked healthy and perfect. She said she was fit, but she didn't think she was healthy because she was too thin. I told her that her look was actually perfect. She sent me some more photos of herself. I told her, "Don't share more photos, otherwise, I will melt!"

She told me that everyone in her family looked very healthy except for her. I told her not to worry because she was already perfect. I joked and said that if she started eating too much, she would become a "**Baby Elephant**." That was the day I gave her that nickname.

In the afternoon, I asked if she wanted to play. She said yes, and we played a few matches together. Then, my friends called me to play cricket. I told "Madam Ji" that I was going outside and would be back later. When I returned in the evening, I asked what she was doing. She told me she was making Biryani. I teased her and asked when she would make some for me. She promised that when I visited her, she would definitely make it for me. Later, she finished her dinner and went to sleep. I told her I wouldn't reply by text so that she could call me whenever she wanted. When I woke up later, she said,

"**Bolo, Sir Ji**." We talked normally about games. She asked if she could call me right then, but I had to say sorry. It was not possible because of the people around me, but I told her morning would be better. I reminded her that we were supposed to read a book together. She said she was very tired, so she couldn't do it then. I told her it was no problem. She suggested that we start our reading habit after her exams were over. I agreed because her exams and her studies were very important. I told her she could read with me when she had no tension. I teased her and said, "Okay, **Teacher Ji."**

I made a serious decision and told her to be ready. She asked, "For what?" I told her that I wanted to meet her after her board exams. I did not want to disturb her while she was studying, so I planned to visit her once her exams were over. I told her I had one condition. She asked what it was, and I said that from the moment I arrived until the moment I left, she had to stay with me. She was a bit confused, so I explained my plan clearly.

I told her I would take a train at 7:00 am and reach Pune by 10:00 am. She would meet me by 12:00 pm. Then, I would take a return train at 4:00 pm. It was a "one-day return" plan. She asked why I had to leave so fast. I explained that if my family found out, they would punish me. I told her that I usually don't go out much, and now I was planning to cross into another district without telling them. I was taking a big risk to meet my "**Madam Ji**," but I told her this risk would be worth it.

I told her about what happened with my friend, Vedant. I had told him, "Vedant, I met a girl who is perfect. She is a very good person and she lives in Pune." Vedant was surprised. He said that whenever he asked me to go out, I always said no, but now I was ready to cross the whole district to meet a girl! I told her that I managed to convince him.

Vedant was the one who suggested that I should make it a "one-day return" trip. She asked if this would cause any problems. I told her not to worry because Vedant is a true friend whom I love like a brother. I have three friends like that, and Vedant is one of them. She said it was good to have real friends because they are hard to find. She agreed that having a small circle of friends is perfect. I told her that we must keep this plan a secret. I told her, "**Pune is a Top Secret Mission** for me.

She told me that when I came to Pune, she would take me to all her favorite places. She said we would eat something together, and then at 3:30 pm, she would drop me back at the railway station. I told her that my friend would be with us, and she said that was no problem. She told me her favorite places were very beautiful and peaceful. She mentioned that she believes in God very much. She promised to take me to the most famous temple in Pune, the **Dagdusheth Halwai Ganpati Mandir**, for **Darshan**.

I told her, "It is my promise that I will come." She asked me, "**Pinky promise**?" I sweetly said, "Yes, it's a pinky promise." As anime lovers, we both knew how important a pinky promise really is. By then, it was very late at night. She told me, "**Sir Ji**, you have to wake up early in the morning, so go to sleep." I agreed. She said, "Good night, **Sir Ji**," and I replied, "Good night, **Madam Ji**." We ended the day there…

Jab Kuch Na Ho To “Sabr” karo,

Jab Sab Kuch Ho To “Qadar” Karo..!

On January 20th, we started our day with "Good morning" and talked about many things. I told her that my college was holding a BGMI tournament and my friends had already signed me up. I warned her that I would be busy, but I would be free in the afternoon. When I finished, I texted her the good news: I had qualified for the final match..! . Then, I told her about another plan. All my friends were planning to go to a farmhouse with their girlfriends. I told her I felt awkward because I would be the only single person there. She sweetly told me, "Don't worry, Sir Ji. I am here to talk to you. You are not alone." I asked her, "If they ask me who I am talking to, what should I say?" She replied, "Tell them she is my girlfriend." I was so surprised! I asked her when that happened. She said it was just to make my friends jealous.

I told her that my friends would tease me and try to send her friend requests. She promised she would not accept any requests. I explained that since I always teased their girlfriends, they would try to do the same to her. **She bravely said that if they tried to make her a fool or say wrong things about you, she would "take their class" scold them. She said she would tell them she knows exactly how her boyfriend is, so they couldn't trick her. I just smiled.**

I told her that she was already prepared to handle my friends. I thanked her for her help, but I also told her that I didn't want her to get upset or feel like I was a burden to her. She replied and said she really wanted to help me. She wanted to "close the mouths" of my friends so they would stop teasing you. Then, **she said something very beautiful. She said she wanted to show everyone what it means to be close to someone, even when you are far away**.

From the bottom of my heart, I thanked her for understanding me so well. She then told me that she did not like just wandering around here and there with people.

She said she preferred someone who stayed far away but still loved her truly from a distance. She told me that being loyal to each other was the most important thing, and it didn't matter what other people thought. I told her not to worry or take any tension. I promised her that soon, she would feel all those things for real.

She asked me how I would make her feel those things and if I was really going to do it. I answered, "Yes, obviously."

She questioned me why I felt that way. I told her it was because she was a perfect girl, both in her nature and in everything else. She got a little quiet and told me that she had an anger problem. She said she didn't even like herself sometimes, so she wasn't sure how she could be perfect for me. I changed the topic a little. I told her that I had gained a lot of experience by giving advice to others. She said she had experienced those things too. **Then, she made a very big promise. She told me, "I won't break you. I will try my best**."

I replied, "Why not," showing her that I trusted her completely

I told her not to worry about loyalty. **I promised her that I would show her how a person can stay truly loyal to someone**. She said she wanted to ask me something and told me she would try her best. I asked, "For what**?" She said she would manage things, help me understand, and try to give me her time.**

Then, I told her calmly, "You are the last girl I am going to trust."

She told me, "Sir Ji, trust me," and she promised she would be there. However, she then said something difficult. She told me she did not want to be in a relationship right now. She said she was sorry if she was hurting me and asked me to take time to understand her.

I did not reply for 5 or 10 minutes. She felt bad and kept saying sorry for hurting me. I took a deep breath and told her, "It’s okay, don’t worry." She said she hadn't wanted to talk about this topic, but she did it anyway. She said, "So sorry, Monu."

I told her, "Chill, baba, nothing happened." I told her it was okay. I was actually happy that she was honest and cleared her thoughts with me. She said sorry once more, but I told her not to feel guilty.

After some time, she told me to think about whether she was right or wrong. She said she was not a good person. I replied that I did not believe people were just "right" or "wrong." I told her that life situations make people act the way they do. She insisted that she was not good enough for me. I told her it was not her fault and that her past had made her feel this way. I wanted to keep talking about it, but she asked me to leave the topic. I asked for just two more minutes. I told her what I had observed about her. **On the outside, she seemed like an angry person, but on the inside, she was a cute and soft girl. I told her she was a good person because she always stands up for what is right, no matter what.**

She asked me once more to stop talking about it, so I said okay. But first, I told her openly that even though I had not seen her in person yet, I knew she was a perfect girl. **I told her I truly liked her nature, the way she respected others, and the way she talked.**

She thanked me for understanding her so well.

She told me that she was not planning to go anywhere until she was 25. I told her I would give her my 100% loyalty and trust, and now it was up to her how she wanted to take it. I told her I felt much better after sharing my thoughts with her. She said she felt good too.. She said she wanted to tell me something else. **I told her she should only speak when she felt comfortable. She sweetly replied, "Monu Ji**, **I feel comfortable with you**." She asked me to take some time to understand her. I thanked her for understanding me too. She told me to spend time with her and promised she wasn't going anywhere. She said, "Don't worry, with time, **Sir Ji, you will get your answer."**

It was very late at night. Madam Ji told me to go to sleep because of my morning gym. Before sleeping, I texted her one more time to say **sorry for being so direct about my feelings**. She replied, "**How sweet you are, Sir Ji!**"

I asked if she was okay, and she said she was fine and told me to rest. I told her not to think too much.

She got playfully angry and said, "Will you go to sleep or not? Otherwise, I will take your class!" I laughed and said I was going.

I told her that first, we would understand each other perfectly, and then we would decide about the future. She replied, "Okay Sir Ji, whatever you say." She told me to sleep peacefully and said **she was right there if I needed her**. She said I could call her and she would definitely come. Her last words were, "Chill raho, Sir Ji." Stay chill, Sir Ji.

And then the day ended up…!

Main Sochta Hu ke

Main Uske Kabil Nhi Hu

Main Ek Aam Sa Ladka

Or Woh Mujhe

Shazadi Lagte Hai

Uske Muskurahat Ke Tareef

To Alag Baat Hai

Uski Narazgi Bhi Mujhe Pyari Lagti Hai

I spent more time with her as the days went by. On January 26th, something very sweet happened. In the middle of the night, I started acting like a little boy. Madam Ji laughed and said, "Monu Ji, you are acting like a **baby boy**!" I smiled and said, "Yes, I am." Then, I started demanding a story. I reminded her that she had read more than 68 books, so she must know many stories. She agreed and asked what kind of story I wanted. I told her to tell me a love story from one of the books she had read. She was very sweet and started telling me the story. This continued for a few days. From that night until January 28th, she told me stories every night. I loved listening to her voice as she told them so sweetly.

On January 29th, something very interesting happened. We were sharing many memes and laughing together. Then, suddenly, Madam Ji told me she wanted to ask me something. I told her to go ahead. She had three big questions for me…

1. What is "Love" to you?

I told her that love is not just about emotions. It is about caring for each other and understanding each other. I said the "vibe" must match so that you both know what the other person is thinking. She replied, "Good."

2. What is "Mohabbat" to you?

I told her that if the person I love likes someone else, I would be happy for her. I would let her go because her happiness matters. But, if she later realizes she loves me, I would give her one chance and only one to come back. She said, "Okay."

3. What is "Ishq" to you?

I told her that Ishq comes from the heart. It does not matter if the person is near or far. If you think about her all the time and she is the first person you remember when you wake up in the morning, those are pure feelings. That is what Ishq means to me.

After I gave my answers, she told me that my third answer about Ishq was the best one. I could tell she was impressed by what I said.

I decided to tease her a little bit. I asked her, "So, did I pass my exams?"

She laughed and replied, "Yes, you passed!"

I asked her why she suddenly asked those questions. She told me she wanted to know if other people also felt that those three words were different, or if it was just her. I told her I felt the same way. I was excited to hear her answers, so I asked for her point of view.

1. Love

She said Love is the first stage. It starts in the first year or two. It is when a boy and girl are very close and share time, care, and most importantly respect.

2. Mohabbat

She called this the second stage. It is when your heart does not feel right without the other person. You worry about them more than yourself. You are ready to leave all your work just to be with them. She said a boy should keep a girl the way her father keeps her, and a girl should keep a boy like his mother does.

3. Ishq

She said Ishq is the best thing. It is when you think of them all day. Your eyes might be somewhere else, but your heart is always with them. Their love becomes the most precious thing to you. Even after 50 years, the sweetness of the relationship stays the same. Ishq joins two hearts and two families together. It is when you trust them more than yourself. Even if you have to cry for them, you don't think twice. That is Ishq

I told her that everything she said was perfect. Her words about Ishq especially the part about a relationship staying sweet even after 50 years really touched my heart. It felt like we were finally on the same page.

We talked for a little while longer, but my eyes were getting heavy. I was very tired from the long day, so I asked her, "Can I go to sleep?"

She answered me very calmly and sweetly, "Yes, Sir Ji, go and sleep." We ended that wonderful day with pure feelings and a lot of respect for each other. I went to bed feeling happy, knowing that I had found someone who understood the true meaning of a deep soul connection.

It was February 11th. I told her I had some good news. She was very excited to hear it. I told her, "I am coming to meet you on February 21st, on a Friday."

She told me she couldn't make it on the 21st because of her classes. She suggested I come on February 22nd instead. But I told her I couldn't come on the 22nd because I already had plans to go out with my friends. We couldn't pick a date yet, so we moved on to other things.

Then, she said to me, "Monu Ji, you are so cute." She told me she wanted to do a video call to finally see me properly. We talked on video for more than an hour! I made so many great memories seeing her face while we talked.

After the call, we talked about many other things and played games until midnight. We enjoyed ourselves so much, and the day ended with very sweet memories.

Are we just friends??

More than strangers, less than lovers

Just two hearts caring for each other.

On February 12th, I went to college and gathered all my courage. I called my most trusted friends, Harshad and Varad, and told them I had something important to discuss. We went to the college campus to talk.

I told them all about her. Since this was my first time traveling to another district to meet someone, I asked for their advice. Harshad told me, "It doesn't matter where you go, but please take care of yourself since it’s your first time." Varad warned me not to fall in love too fast without knowing her well.

I explained everything to them. I told them I had already spent so much time talking to her. I told them I loved how she treated people, how she took care of me, and how much respect she had for everyone. She had truly won my heart. I told my friends that as soon as I met her in person, I would tell her exactly how I felt.

My friends told me, "Don't worry, everything will be fine. Just believe in yourself." They helped me with all the travel details. I finally fixed the date for February 22nd because she had a holiday that day and would have time to meet me. I spent the whole day planning my journey, and then the day ended.

God's plan

Hum Ek Dusre Ko Tab Mile Jb Hum Ek Dusre Ko Dhund Bhi Nhi Rrahe The…

On February 20th, we spent a lot of time talking about our feelings and what love meant to us. On that day, something fun happened. She had purchased new clothes and posted a story on social media wearing them.

She asked me, "How do I look in the story?"

I teased her and said she looked like a "Lady Don Madam Ji." She smiled at that. Then, her mood became a little more serious. She told me that she wanted to say something important to me. I replied, "Yes, tell me."

She told me that she was not afraid of love, but she was afraid of losing people. When someone becomes important to her, she gets scared they will leave. I gave her my guarantee. I told her, "I am not that kind of guy. I will not leave you at any cost."

She explained that she had lost many people who were very close to her in the past. Because of that, she was afraid of getting too attached. She asked me to try and accept her exactly as she is. I smiled and sweetly said, "Yes, Madam Ji."

She continued to say that she is different in many ways. I told her, "Madam Ji, don't think too much. I am always with you. Trust me, I am not going anywhere."

Then, after a long time, she finally said it. She told me she was tired of pretending that she didn't like me. She said, "Just be with me, Monu."

I replied, "I am always with you, Madam Ji." That night, I realized she truly liked me. It made me so happy that someone finally took the effort to confess their feelings to me. I told her I was going to sleep, and we ended the night with those happy thoughts.

The Girl who decided not to be in a relationship anymore...

The guy who gives her 100 Reasons to fall for him

The February 21st day started with a "Good morning." I was at college, and she asked me to get on a video call. At that moment, I was giving a presentation to my teacher! I finished it as fast as I could and called her because I missed seeing her face. She told me she was missing me too.

While we were talking on the video call, I asked her a big question: "What type of relationship are we in right now?"

She didn't say anything right away. she ignored the question and told me she would answer it later. We kept talking, and I showed her my college project. I told her I would text her in the afternoon once I finished all my work.

After I finished my project, I texted her. She joked and said, "Yes, Sir Ji is free now." I asked her to come online to play a game with me. She agreed, and we played together for an hour. We had a lot of fun.

Later that night, I told her I was tired. I said I had to wake up very early in the morning for my trip, so I was going to sleep. But she stopped me. She said, "Wait, Sir Ji. Take the answer to the question you asked me this morning."

I teased her a little and said, "Tell me, Madam Ji."

And then she said..

Aap mera chand ke vo roshni ho jisko mai kabhe khona nahi chate mare vo subha ho jisa dheke mujhe sukoon milta hai mere vo jid ho jo mai kabhe khona nahi chate mere leya mujhe nahi pata aapke aur mere bitch Mai kya hai jo bhe hai bhot pyara hai mujhe es pal ko khona nahi hai kabhe hum asa behave karta hai jasa ak dusra ke bina nahi rhe sakte kabhe asa behave karta hai ke ak dusra sa dhur hai par jo kuch bhe mara aur aapke bitch Mai hai usko khona nahi hai sayad Mai bata bhe na pau ke ky hai But Jo hai bhot pyara hai Sayad es rista ko naam nahi hai par agar Bina naam ke bhe ya itna pyara hai to mujhe esa naam na deke bhe khusi mila ge aap kuch es thara khas ban gaya ho ke pata nahi ak din bhe dhang sa baat na ho to bhot ajib lagta hai din acha nahi jata Bhot kam time mai aapne mujhe kuch es thara khud sa attached kar leya hai ke mujhe aab aapsa dhur nahi jana Pata nahi ya sab mai abhe kyu bata rahe hu Bus mujhe laga aapka ya sab jaana bhot jaruri hai

After listening to her words, I was so happy. I felt very lucky to be a part of her life. It made me glad to know that I was the reason Madam Ji was smiling. I told her, "I am giving you all my efforts and trust. Please, do not break it." She promised she would try her best to give all her efforts to me too. I told her I understood that her past was bad and that she had stopped believing people could be good. I shared my own story with her. I told her that I had also been treated very badly in the past. Because of that pain, I decided I never wanted anyone else to suffer like I did.

I told her I was giving my 100% to her so she would believe that good people still exist. I told her, "I am one of those good people."She thanked me for giving her so much love and effort. She asked me to keep treating her this way in the future too. I smiled and said, "Of course, why not, Madam Ji!"

I showed her that love isn't just a feeling it is a choice to be kind, even when life has been unfair to you. That kind of maturity is exactly what she needed to feel safe.

After we talked, she sent me a voice note. In that recording, she spoke from her heart.

Look.

Jo kuch bhi maine abhi aapko bola, I think woh words bahut kam hain. Kyunki jitna main aapse baat karti hoon, jitna main aapke saath openly rehti hoon, jitna comfort mujhe aapke saath milta hai… un sab ke liye yeh words bahut chhote hain. Agar isse zyada mujhe kuch bolna hoga, toh really… Thank you. Mujhe nahi pata hamare beech kya hai. Jo bhi hai, main use kabhi khona nahi chahti.Kisi bhi haal mein bas aap mile rehna.Woh insaan jise maine itne saare give-ups ke baad choose kiya hai.

Pata nahi main kya bol rahi hoon… bas samajh jao yaar. Mujhe khud nahi pata.Main sab explain kaise karun… so please understand. Waise bhi aap meri baatein bahut jaldi samajh jaate ho, toh khud hi soch lo ki main kya bolna chahti hoon.Main shayad yeh sab kabhi properly bol bhi na paun.

But abhi mujhe ek cheez ka realization ho raha hai ki meri life mein bahut se log hain jo mujhe bahut hurt kar chuke hain.Unke liye main kuch feel nahi karti… kabhi nahi karti.Har baar unhe door kar deti hoon.Par aapko nahi kar paayi. Door rehna tha… par ho nahi paaya. Attachment se darr lagta tha… par ho gayi. Aap mere liye bahut zyada important ho. Filhaal is phase mein main bas itna hi bol pa rahi hoon ki… aap important ho mere liye.

Baaki aap samajh jao ki main kya bolna chahti hoon.

She told me how much I meant to her. Hearing her voice made everything feel even more real to me….

Listening to her voice made my heart so happy. I know she is scared because of the past, but I promise I am not like those other people. You chose me, and I choose you too ..

she sent me a 2nd voice note in that

Look.

Sab explain karna nahi tha, par main kar rahi hoon. Pata nahi kyun kar rahi hoon. Shayad kyunki subah se aap keh rahe ho ki woh bas aapki friend hai. Bas friend… woh word aapse sunke bahut bura lag raha hai, kyunki maine kabhi aapko aise imagine nahi kiya tha ki aap mujhe yeh bologe. Samajh jao yaar, bura lagta hai.Aisa lagta hai jaise aapne mujhpe give up kar diya hai.

Matlab… shayad aisa nahi hai, par feel toh aisa hi hota hai.Aur sach mein main chahti hoon ki hamare beech jo bhi hai usko ek chance mile ek pyaar ka chance. Par saath mein darr bhi hai. Kabhi lagta hai agar woh darr chhod paayi, toh main khud saamne aake sab bol dungi. Uske liye main bahut try kar rahi hoon ki main in sab cheezon se bahar nikal jaun. Aur abhi aisa lagta hai ki main kuch bol bhi nahi pa rahi hoon. Isliye please… is wajah se give up mat karna.

Mere jaise bahut logon ne already give up kar diya hai. Agar aapne bhi give up kar diya toh bahut bura lagega. Matlab mujhe bahut zyada hurt hoga. Bahut se logon ne mujhe bahut buri tarah tod diya hai. Par main in sab se door jaana chahti hoon. Mujhe apni life mein bahut si cheezein change karni hain. Aur main try kar rahi hoon… sirf aapke liye

Madam ji, please don't be sad! I heard your voice notes and my heart is full of happiness.

First of all, I am so sorry if the word 'friend' hurt you. You are so much more than just a friend to me. You are my peace, my light, and the most special person in my life. I promise you, I will never give up on you

she sent me a 3r[d] voice note in that

Mujhe bahut trust issues hain, Monu. Bahut zyada had se zyada. Main bahut chhoti-chhoti cheezon mein bhi stress karne lag jaati hoon aur confuse ho jaati hoon. Samne wala insaan mere baare mein kya sochta hai, yeh bhi mujhe kaafi had tak samajh aa jata hai, kyunki itne time mein maine logon ke chehre padhna seekh liya hai. Main nahi chahti ki aap mujhpe give up karo. I don't want that. Kyunki mere upar bahut logon ne bahut jaldi give up kar diya hai. Bahut si cheezon mein mujhe chhod diya hai.

Mujhe akela chhod diya… aur shayad ek time ke baad maine khud par bhi give up kar diya tha.

Isliye mujhe bahut mehnat lagi hai khud ko itna sambhalne mein, kisi ke saath phir se normal rehne ke liye. Toh agar kabhi mera behaviour rude lagta hai, ya gussa, ya nafrat jaisa lagta hai… toh woh bas unhi sab cheezon ki wajah se hai.

Isse zyada main shayad is par kuch keh bhi nahi paati.

I told her, "Don't worry. The way I am right now is the same way I will be in the future." I wanted her to know that my love and my effort would never change.

As I listened to it, my heart felt so heavy. My eyes became blurry with tears. Hearing how much she had been hurt in the past and how much she was now trying to trust me made me cry. I realized that she was finally letting go of her fear because of me. It was the most emotional moment of my life

I explained everything to her. I told her, "I didn't call her my best friend to hurt her. I was just afraid that if things went wrong, she would think I am like those other boys. I want her to be strong mentally and emotionally. I became strong on my own, and I want to help her do the same."

I also told her why I don't tell all my friends everything. I said, "The more we keep our relationship private, the longer it will last. You don't need to share everything with the world." She smiled and told me she finally understood.

It was getting very late. She told me, "Sir Ji, it's late now. Go to sleep. Sweet dreams and take care." I said, "Good night Madam Ji, sweet dreams."

Usually, she just says "Tata," but at that moment, she said, **"Sir Ji, I love you**."

She wasn't joking. She was speaking from her heart. I thanked her for loving me. I was so happy! I told her again to go to sleep because it was late. She replied, **"Love you so much Sir J**i. Tata... see you tomorrow."

When she said, "I love you, Sir Ji," it wasn't just a sentence. It was her way of saying she wasn't afraid anymore. She chose to trust me with her heart, even after being hurt so many times before. **I went to bed with her voice in my ears and a promise in my heart to be the man who never gives up on her.**

The long talks were over. The planning was done. Now, only one thing remained the journey to finally see the face behind the voice.

I closed my eyes, knowing that tomorrow, my life was going to change forever…

Chapter 2

The journey of Pune

On February 22nd, the most special day of my life arrived. I was so excited that I could barely sleep. I woke up very early and called Vedant. I told him, "Get ready fast, we have to leave!"

We left home at 6:30 AM and caught the train by 7:00 AM. After changing trains, we finally reached Pune around 10:45 AM. As soon as I stepped off the train, my heart started beating so fast. I felt a mix of excitement and curiosity. I couldn't wait to finally see Madam Ji in person.

I called her immediately and said, "I have reached! Where are you?"

She told me she was already there, standing near a place called Regency. I started looking around, searching for her. She guided me over the phone, and following her voice, I finally reached the spot

I will never forget the first time I saw her. I remember exactly what she was wearing. She looked beautiful in a white kurti and light blue baggy pants with white shoes. She had two traditional earrings that caught the light.In her right hand, she held a black mask and wore two bracelets one was a milky purple color and the other was solid black. On her left wrist, she wore a simple, thin kada.

But when I finally looked at her face... dam. Her eyes were so beautiful. They were the most striking thing about her. At that moment, everything else around us seemed to disappear.

She walked up to me, and we shook hands. I asked her, "Where should we go?" She told us to follow her. Vedant, she, and I walked to the bus stand. We waited for 15 minutes and then got on the bus.During the ride,

I couldn't stop looking at her. Even behind her mask, I could tell she was smiling. Every time she looked back at me, I smiled too. I noticed every little thing she did. Eventually, the bus driver told us we had to walk the rest of the way.

As we walked across a bridge, she was right beside me. We reached a busy road, and then something unexpected happened. Suddenly, **she grabbed my hand and said, "Monu, let's go**."

In that moment, I saw a reflection of my mother. It reminded me of how my mother used to hold my hand to keep me safe when I was a child. That simple act won my heart completely. She didn't let go. She held my hand all the way until we reached her favorite place the famous Dagdusheth Halwai Ganpati Mandir. We entered the temple together and stood before Lord Ganesha. We took our darshan, prayed, and then left the temple side by side.

Imagine how big god probably smiles,
when he heard two people praying for eachother…

As we walked away from the temple, I told her I was hungry. Vedant had been to this area before, so he suggested a good hotel nearby. She agreed, and we started walking. While we walked, she reached out and held my hand again. **She held it just like a mother holds her child's hand. I will never forget that feeling for as long as I live. She had no idea how beautiful she looked through my eyes in that moment.**

I felt so proud and happy. Seeing that she felt comfortable and safe with me was the best feeling. To me, being a gentleman means exactly that making sure someone's daughter feels protected and safe by your side. That was enough to make my day perfect.

Respect every girl not because she is a girl

Show respect to prove that you were raised by a good mother…!

We reached the hotel and sat down. Vedant and I ordered South Indian food, while Madam Ji ordered a Shyam Sandwich with extra cheese and a chocolate milkshake. I told her about our friends Harshad and Varad, explaining that they couldn't come because of work. Right there, she looked at Vedant and said he was like a brother to her. Vedant happily called her "Sister" back. Then, Vedant jokingly asked her for one of her bracelets as a gift. Without waiting even a second, she took it off and gave it to him

I was shocked but happy to see them bond so fast. I teased her, saying, "Wow, you are giving gifts to your brother, but what about your Sir Ji ? He got nothing!" She realized I was playfully "angry" and we all laughed.

When the food arrived, we ate happily. At the end, there was a glass of buttermilk for me, but my stomach was so full that I couldn't drink it. **Suddenly, she held my hand firmly and said, "Sir Ji, I am here with you**. Just take a deep breath and drink it." Because she asked so sweetly, I finished the whole glass in one go. After that, we left the hotel together.

We started walking again. Madam Ji saw a man selling raw mangoes on the side of the road. She loves them, so I bought some for her. We started eating them together. She even fed me a piece with her own hands. I cannot describe in words how happy I was at that moment. It was a small thing, but it meant everything to me.After we finished the mangoes, we realized it was getting late for her exam. Both of us felt very heavy-hearted. Neither of us wanted to leave. My eyes started to get blurry with tears again, but I tried my best to control them.

We walked toward the metro station, holding hands tightly until we reached the end of the bridge. Before she left**, I asked her for a hug. She agreed and held me for a few minutes. In her arms, I felt so light. All my stress and tension disappeared. I felt like crying, and I could tell she felt the same way, but we both stayed strong**. I wished her "All the best" for her exam. I didn't want to walk away, but I had to. I watched her move ahead toward her exam center, taking my heart with her.

As I stood there, Vedant looked at me and asked, "Is everything okay? Why are you crying?"

I looked at him and said, "These are tears of happiness." Vedant was surprised because he had never seen me cry in all the years he had known me. That moment showed him how important this day and this girl was to me. We walked back to the station together, our hearts full of memories from the day.

We caught the train back, and by 7:00 PM, we finally reached home. I was back in my house, **but my mind was still in Pune, on that bridge and in that hug.**That night, she texted me and thanked me for making her day so special. I replied, "Thank you for making this the most memorable day of my life."She told me something beautiful. She said that after our hug and her exam, **she went home and had the best sleep she's had in a long time. She felt so safe and comfortable with me**. I told her that I couldn't put my feelings into words, but I was very tired from the journey and needed to sleep.

She knew I was tired, but she didn't want to stop talking. She told me, "**Your hands felt so comfortable**. I was ready to hold them for the rest of my life." She admitted that this was the first time she ever felt that safe holding someone's hand. I proudly told her, "I usually never let anyone touch me ."Even though I was exhausted, I was secretly excited.

I really wanted to propose to her, but a small part of me was scared. I kept thinking, "What if she says no?" So, I kept my feelings hidden and didn't tell her what was truly on my mind. Then, in the middle of the night, it happened. She opened her heart and said those magic words to me: "I love you."I was shocked. In my whole life, no one had ever said those words to me like that. My heart was racing, but I didn't say it back right away. Instead, I told her, "I need some time to give you an answer. "I didn't mean to hurt her, but because I was so tired and overwhelmed, I fell asleep shortly after without even saying a proper "Good Night. "Poor Madam Ji took it the wrong way. She didn't know I was just tired and nervous; she started to think that maybe I didn't like her back.

The next morning, I realized I had made a big mistake. I texted her "Good Morning," but she didn't reply. When I asked if she had breakfast, she answered angrily, "What do you care?"I knew I had disappointed her, so I called her immediately. **I said, "I am so sorry for last night. I didn't mean to leave you hanging." I gathered all my courage and finally said it: "I love you."**At first, she was still hurt. She said, "No thanks, I don't need your support." But I didn't give up. For 20 minutes, I kept saying sorry. I explained that I was just very tired and my mind wasn't working right. Finally, she forgave me. I felt so relieved! I thanked God that I finally had someone who would stand by my side.

In the evening, we played our game again. It was a happy new start for our relationship. We stopped chatting so much and started talking on the phone more. One day, **she asked me, "If I get fat in the future, will you still accept me ?" I laughed and asked, "Why do you want to become a baby elephant?" She said it's because I go to the gym and she doesn't, so she was worried. I told her sweetly, "It doesn't matter if you get fat or not. I will still love you exactly the same."**

The day i met her

I had no idea

That she would become

Everything to me

I didn't expect to find someone

Who would change my life

So completely

With every day that passed

She became more important then

Just a person I loved

She became my reason my hope

My light in the dark…

On March 7th, I came home from work feeling very tired. I fell asleep quickly, but after only 20 minutes, I woke up in a sudden panic. I felt scared and uncomfortable, though I didn't know why. I called her immediately. She picked up and asked, "What happened ?" I told her I was feeling very restless and scared. She didn't get annoyed. Instead, she spoke to me very softly and comforted me. She said, "Don't worry, Sir Ji. I am not going anywhere.

I will always be with you." She stayed on the phone until I calmed down. She told me everything was fine and said, "Go freshen up, then come online so we can play our game."I took a deep breath and told myself that everything was okay because she was there. We played our game together and talked for a long time. That night, her voice was the medicine I needed. It was 1:30 AM. The night was very quiet. She looked at the time and realized how late it was**.**

She messaged me and said, "It’s already 1:30 AM... and this is for you, Sir Ji."

Haaa...

Tum bin mai dekho toh, kya se kya ho baithi

Tumko jo khoya toh, khud ko bhi mai kho baithi

Tu mujhko dhoondhe toh, mai khud ko paa lungi

Mai tere hi badle mein, ab jannat bhi na lungii

Tum todo na dil mera, nahi jeena ab tare bin

On that call, I spoke from my heart. I said, "I promise you, no matter what happens, I will never give up on you. I love you, Madam Ji."She didn't just listen; she promised me the same thing. She told me she would always stand by my side, no matter how hard things got. The way she defended me and took my side in everything won my heart completely.I realized then that I had found something rare. She cared for me in a way that reminded me of my own mother’s love pure, strong, and protective. I looked up and thanked God for this blessing. He had given me exactly what I needed: a girl who would never let me walk alone.

She told me about a plan for the future. "**Sir Ji, we will go to Jejuri Temple together," she said**. She warned me that I would have to climb 1,200 steps to reach the top, and she jokingly said I would have to carry her ! I asked, "Is that really necessary?" She laughed and said yes. I told her I would definitely do it. For me, her happiness matters more than any physical hard work. **Then, she said something that touched my soul. She told me, "Sir Ji, wish Mummy a Happy Women's Day for me." When I heard her call my mother "Mummy," my heart felt so good. I couldn't stop smiling**. It made me so happy to know she cared about my family as much as she cared about me.She reminded me one last time, "Don't forget to wish Mummy !" Then, she said it was late and time to sleep. We ended the call with beautiful smiles on our faces, feeling closer than ever before..

If you are reading this, Madam Ji, there are so many things I wanted to tell you. Because I am an introvert, I could never find the right way to show you how much I truly love you. I always acted like a strong person, but the truth is, I was hiding my real self behind that mask. You always knew the real me, and I am so sorry I couldn't say these things sooner. I am writing this book because I remember every single detail about you. I remember how you took care of me and how you worried about me. Even when I bothered you about your health, it was only because I cared.

Many times, I told you, "I hate you." But you know that wasn't hate. It was my way of loving you. I was just too scared of losing you to say the real words. In our language, "I hate you" meant "I love you more than anything."

I am sorry for the way I loved you I don't think I will ever feel this way about anyone again.

I love you so much, Madam Ji.

By March 28th, we had spent so many beautiful days together. We talked from morning until late at night on voice calls and video calls. But during those days, Madam Ji was very sick. She was struggling with her health, and we missed each other terribly. I asked her if she was free in two days. She said yes, but she was planning to go to a friend's house. Then, I told her the big news: "Your Sir Ji is coming to meet his Girlfriend on April 1st." She was so excited! "Really?" she asked. I smiled and told her yes. Since she had been ill for a whole week, I felt it was my responsibility to go and see her. I teased her and asked, "Am I not allowed to meet my Madam Ji?" She laughed and said she was just making sure I was really coming.

It was fixed. I was going to see her again. We spent the rest of the night playing games and chatting, feeling happy and excited for the day we would meet again.

It was April 1st. I woke up early to leave for Pune. Vedant couldn't come this time because he had his own problems, so I called Varad and Harshad. Harshad's phone was on silent, so he missed the call, but Varad got ready quickly. Varad and I took the train and reached Pune early, at 10:20 AM. I called Madam Ji, and she said she would be there in 20 minutes. I spent those 20 minutes running around, searching for flowers to surprise her. I searched for half an hour, but I couldn't find a single flower shop! When she called to ask where I was, I felt bad. I told her, "I'm sorry, I couldn't get flowers for you."

She gave me the most beautiful answer: "Flowers don't matter, Sir Ji. The fact that you came all this way to see me matters much more." I felt so happy. When we met, I looked at Varad and asked with my eyes, "How is your Sister-in-law?" Varad nodded and said she was great. I had already told her about Varad, so they were comfortable. Then, she suggested we go to the **ISKCON Temple outside of Pune**. We booked an Uber and started our journey.

The Uber arrived after 10 minutes, and we all got in. On the way, she was acting like a tour guide. She explained every place we passed in great detail. I sat there like a "good boy," just listening to her voice and enjoying the moment. Suddenly, she became serious. She used a cute name and said, "Monu, **there is one thing I need to tell you." She told me about her best friend. She said that this friend is very close to her. If her best friend did not agree with our relationship, it would be a big problem for her. But she quickly promised me, "Don't worry, Sir Ji. I will try my very best to convince her. Don't take too much tension."I looked at her and told her I believed in her. I knew she could handle it. After about 20 minutes of talking, we reached the ISKCON Temple.**

We washed our hands and feet and walked toward the big, beautiful temple. I made a small mistake and stepped in with my left foot first. **She immediately corrected me like a caring mother, saying, "You nonsense! Always use your right foot first when entering a temple." I smiled and told her that whenever I make a mistake, I know she is there to fix it for me.** We went inside and took the blessings of Lord Krishna.

We walked around and explored the peaceful temple. I told her, "Last time we didn't take any photos together, but this time I won't forget." **Because she is an introvert, she was very shy about taking pictures. I teased her and said, "Why are you shy with your Sir Ji? In my mind, I am already your husband and you are my wife." She smiled beautifully at that, and we finally took some pictures together.** Before leaving, she wanted to buy something from the temple shop. She bought two holy wristbands for protection. She tied one on Varad's wrist and told him it was a gift from his sister. Then, she tied the other one on my wrist. She said it was her love for me and that God would protect her Sir Ji from all negative things. My heart was so full of happiness as we walked out of the temple.

We were all very hungry, so we went to a cafe near the temple. She ordered a pizza, Varad ordered Misal Pav, and I chose simple Dal Rice. **She fed me two bites of her pizza with her own hands, and I fed her a bite too. It felt very sweet.** After eating, we booked an Uber. While waiting, she felt tired and sat on a parked bike. I stood beside her and started playing with her cheeks like a little boy.

She teased me and said, "Some people say they don't like my cheeks, but here you are playing with them!" I jokingly asked, "Who is that duffer who said that?" She laughed and called me "mad" because we both knew it was just my way of showing love.

On the way back to Pune station in the Uber, something shocking happened. **While we were talking, she suddenly grabbed my shirt collar! I was stunned for a second. I told her, "If anyone else did this to me,**

I would show them who I really am." She smiled and said she was just testing my patience. She wanted to see how I would react if she acted a little tough with me. It was her way of checking if her "Sir Ji" could stay calm even when she was being a "Lady Don." By the time we finished talking, we had reached the station.

Before we reached the station, she took me to a shop. I asked her, "What are we buying now?" She didn't say anything, but she bought a Black Thread Bracelet for me. I remembered I wanted to gift her something too, so I bought the exact same bracelet for her. I told her, "This bracelet will always remind us of each other." **Then, something totally unexpected happened. She picked out a ring for me. She took my hand and slipped the ring onto my finger**.

I was stunned and so happy. Just as I was thinking of buying a ring for her in return, her mother called. She was getting late and had to leave immediately. **I felt bad that I couldn't give her a ring back at that moment. I still carry that feeling in my heart today.** We shared a quick, warm hug, and then she got into an auto to go home. I watched her leave, feeling like the happiest man alive.

Those two days in Pune changed my life forever. I will never forget them. It was the perfect end to a beautiful journey.

It was not her eyes or her smile

It was everything about her

That made me feel like home

In a world of passing strangers..

Her Eyes

what a cruel Kind of beautiful

The kind that Autumn envies

They remind me of golden leaves

Caught in the wind

Of old books like stories

Aching to be told

I see in them a fire

That never dims

And everytime you look my the way

I swear

I fall over again….

Chapter 3

The Curse of Being an Option

The beginning of April was like a dream. On **April 2nd**, we spent the whole day talking about our trip on the 1st. She told me how comfortable she felt with me and how much she enjoyed every moment. The entire month of April passed happily. We spent hours and hours on the phone; it felt like no matter how much we talked, it was never enough. But everything changed on **April 26th**.

It was the day of her exam, and her **Bestie** arrived. Her friend checked her phone and found out about me. The Bestie gave her a terrible choice: **"Choose between 8 years of friendship or 3 months of love."** Madam Ji was shocked. She didn't know what to say and asked for time to think. From that day on, her behavior changed. The girl who used to talk to me for hours suddenly went silent. There were no messages and no calls. I texted her and called her, but she ignored me.

When I finally asked what was wrong, she said she was just "busy with housework." I knew in my heart that something was wrong, but I tried to tell myself I was just overthinking. I ignored my gut feeling, but the silence continued for 5 days. I asked her many times, "Did I do something wrong? If I did, I am so sorry." She told me I did nothing wrong, but she continued to ignore my texts. I felt like I was becoming just an "option" in her life.

Finally, I decided I would not disturb her until her last exam was over. I wanted to give her space, even though my heart was breaking . On **May 2nd**, she finished her last exam. That evening, I called her, sensing that something was wrong. For ten minutes, she couldn't speak. I told her, "Whatever it is, we can solve it together." But she sadly replied, "No, we can't solve this."

Finally, she told me the truth. Her Bestie had forced her to choose. She said her friend was everything to her, and she felt she had no other option. With a heavy heart, she said, **"Monu, I am so sorry. I can't do anything about this."** I felt blank. I told her I would wait for her in the future, but she told me not to. I said I would come back "perfect" next time so no one could judge me, but she cried and said it wouldn't matter it was her friend's ego that stood in the way. She softly said, **"Thank you."** I asked why, and she told me, **"For these three months. They were the most memorable moments of my life."**

On one side of the phone, she was crying. On my side, I was crying too. We both cried badly all night. My eyes were blurry with tears, and my mind was empty. I kept asking myself, "Why? Why did this happen so suddenly?" On **May 3rd**, we had our final talk. She apologized again for hurting me. Even though my heart was breaking, I told her the one thing I always promised: **"I know this hurts, but I still choose your happiness over mine."**
.

On **May 3rd**, after that final call, I felt like my world was ending. I called **Vedant** while I was still crying. When he heard my voice, he was shocked. "Monu, why are you crying?" he asked. He couldn't believe what I was telling him. He thought I was playing a joke because he knew how much we loved each other. But it was no joke. I also called **Varad and Harshad**. They were just as shocked. They told me, "Monu, meet us at 9:00 PM in the West."That night, we sat on the bridge for two hours. Harshad tried to calm me down, saying, "Maybe she just needs time to handle the situation." But Varad asked the question that was stuck in my head: "She chose her Bestie, and that's fine... but what about you?"

I couldn't even process his words. I just sat there quietly, crying harder than I ever have in my life. I had never shown that much pain in front of anyone before. But Vedant, Harshad, and Varad didn't judge me. They handled me with care and won my total trust.That night, I made a decision. I told myself, **"If I don't get the love I wanted, it's okay. But I will never let my brothers go through this alone."** From that day on, I stopped seeing them as just friends. They became my brothers.

I can't hate Her
She Can't love me

I realized something deep in my soul. I can’t hate her, no matter how much it hurts. My heart only knows how to love her, how to worry about her health, and how to remember the way she touched my hair. You can’t turn off a light that was that bright.

And on the other side, she can’t love me. Not because she doesn’t want to, and not because her heart is empty, but because she chose a different path. She chose a long friendship and a quiet life over the "magic" we found in those three months. It is a strange kind of pain to have so much love for someone who isn't allowed to love you back. I told Vedant, Harshad, and Varad that I needed space. My mind couldn't accept what had happened. It was all too sudden, and the pain was too heavy. I told my family I needed to go back to my **village**. They booked my tickets, and I left everything behind.

In the village, I started losing interest in the world. I didn't want to eat, I didn't want to walk, and I didn't want to talk. Harshad, Varad, and Vedant called me every day. They wanted to check on their brother. But I couldn't pick up. I was so broken that I didn't have the strength to even say "hello." I stayed in my silence, trying to understand how my life had changed so fast. But my brothers didn't give up. Even when I ignored them, they said "Monu, we are here. We aren't going anywhere. Take your time, but know that you aren't alone."

In the village, I started to hate everything. Every night was the same a heavy pain in my chest that wouldn't go away. It was a silent war between my mind and my emotions.

Whenever I tried to force my eyes shut to sleep, the memories would come back. I would lie there, perfectly still, but the tears would fall from the edges of my eyes and crawl into my ears. I was suffering so badly, and the truth is, It is a battle I fight every single night. Even when the day is busy, the night brings back the silence, and the silence brings back the pain.

Suna tha, shiddat se chaho to kaaynaat milaane me lag jaati hai."

"Jhuth hai, mujhse to har vo chiz dur Chali gayi jise mene shiddat se chaha."

"I was desired but never loved, I was a choice but never chosen, i WAS the maybe but never the ONE"

One night, around 9:00 PM, I finally gathered enough confidence to call her. As the phone rang, my heart started beating so fast I could barely breathe. On the third ring, she picked up.

Hearing her voice after one and a half months made me feel relaxed for a second. I asked how she was and what was happening in her life. She said everything was going "perfectly," but I knew I had to ask the main question. I asked about her Bestie.

She told me the truth: **"Monu Ji, I tried my best, but she is still not ready."** Every time she tried to bring up our names, her friend refused to even listen. Madam Ji said she couldn't talk for long because if her friend found out, she would get scolded. Then, I found out one more thing. Her Bestie had told her to **block me everywhere**. But Madam Ji didn’t do it. She kept the door open. To me, that was a sign. It meant I still had one more chance, and I wasn't ready to give up on her yet. She said she had to go, and the call ended.

And in the list of priorities my name was always at the bottom...

And i forgot the art of being loved, for i was always the one who gave, never the one received…

One day, while I was in the village, she appeared in my dream. I swear by God, it felt so real that I was confused between the dream and reality. In the dream, she had traveled all the way to my village. She was sitting right beside me with my friends, waiting for me to wake up. When I opened my eyes and saw her, she started crying. She looked so sad, as if she had been carrying all that pain alone.

I didn't feel any anger. I just hugged her and said, **"Don’t worry. I am not angry with you."** I gently wiped away her tears and promised her again, **"I am always with you, no matter what happens."** When I asked how she found my house, she pointed to my friends. They were the ones who brought her to me. Then, with a sudden shock, I woke up. The room was empty. The village was quiet. I realized she wasn't there, and my friends weren't there. It was just a dream. The sadness hit me even harder because, for a moment, I truly felt her presence next to me.

I often tell myself, **"Perhaps this is just my fate."** One moment, I am the happiest man alive, feeling her hand in mine and hearing her call me "Sir Ji." The next moment, everything is gone, and I am alone in the silence of my village. My life feels like a swing that goes from the highest joy to the deepest sadness in just a second. But I have learned something through all this pain.

When you get used to being patient (Sabar), you no longer feel like complaining. When the heart learns to stay quiet and wait, the words of complaint fade away. I don't want to argue with fate anymore. I don't want to cry out "Why me?" I have accepted the silence. My *Sabar* is now my strength.

I will sit with my memories, wear my black thread bracelet, and wait—because when you truly love someone, even the pain they leave behind is something you protect. **I don't care if she loves me back or not but I will always love her no matter what happens**.

One day, I was scrolling through Instagram stories and saw a new post from Madam Ji. She was wearing a beautiful South Indian red dress. But I wasn't looking at the dress—I was looking at her left wrist. There it was.

The **Black Thread Bracelet** I had gifted her. Seeing that made me so happy. It meant she hadn't thrown away our memory. After a long time, I finally felt the strength to call my friends. At first, Vedant, Varad, and Harshad scolded me! They were angry that I hadn't picked up their calls for so long. But once I explained how broken I felt, they understood.

Then I told them the good news. "Look at her story," I said. When they saw the bracelet, they got happy too. They saw that there was still a tiny bit of hope left. I told them, **"Even if there is only a 0.0001% chance, I choose to love her with all my heart."**

We spent the rest of the night talking about our second year of studies and catching up. For the first time in a long time, I felt good. The weight on my chest felt a little lighter. It was late, so we ended the call, and I finally went to sleep with a peaceful mind. The days passed, but I used to miss her a lot. My college was about to start, so I returned to Mumbai. During the journey back, I could only think about her. I wondered why this happened, where my fault was, and what I had done wrong. I spent those days constantly thinking about how to resolve everything.

Sometimes we can only blame the situation, not the person. If someone walks out of our life.. It's important to keep your heart clear No anger, No grudges.. Wishing only best for them It's not easy But We get healed just being Nice to them...

Then came July. Her birthday was approaching, and I was confused. I wondered if I should wish her, how she would think, and how she would react. Four to five days before the date, I decided to ask my friends. They beautifully said that I should go ahead and wish her because she would feel good.

With their encouragement and my own confidence, I wished her at exactly 12:00 AM. I called her, and we talked for only 45 seconds. She said she would call me back, but she forgot. In the morning, I called her again to wish her once more. When I asked why she didn't call back, she said sorry. I told her, "Don't feel sad, because it’s your day, Madam Ji. Just enjoy it," and then I ended the call. **I hope you take my name when someone asks if you have ever been loved.** As the days went by, I slowly started losing interest in everything. She was the girl who suddenly disappeared after giving me all her love and care.

She telling reasons why we can't be together me who planned whole life with her! Aankho se dur ho dil se kaha jaoge?It hurt because you should never disappear from someone’s life especially if you might be the only one they have. She was the reason I started trusting again, but then she decided to vanish because of her fear of attachment. Even if she didn't want to talk every day, she didn't have to vanish completely. She knew how much her absence would affect me.

She Didn't Block me. Didn't Unfollow me Either. She Just... Stopped Texting. Every Night She Opened His Chat, Typed Something... Deleted It... And Then Checked my Last Seen Like It Still Mattered. Because Moving On Isn't Always Loud... Sometimes It's Just Silent Waiting That Slowly Dies. I realized she was not an "Ex."

Ex? No, she is not my ex, not my past, not my enemy. She is the girl I once loved with every piece of my heart. The one I dreamed of forever with. She is the girl that taught me what love feels like both beautiful and painful. She's the reason I cried, the reason I smiled, the reason I believed in love. Maybe she's no longer mine, but in the quiet corners of my heart, she will always remain my greatest love story.

I once liked her so much that I couldn't even look at her in a lustful way. That was when I realized how beautiful love and care could truly be.

The girl who thinks she is the unlucky person in everyone's life The man who thinks she is the lucky charm in his life

Nothing hurts more than seeing your favourite person turns into a life lesson you can never forget...

It has been a long time since I saw her, but the memories remain unblurred. I stayed lost in waiting for her, to the point where even my consciousness left me.

Lost in waiting for her.....

The days passed, but I could not forget her. People often say that with time you forget, but for me, time did not fade my memories; it made them a part of my life. I still remembered the way she took care of me, every small detail. Because we could not talk, I slowly became a lost person. I used to be someone who cared for everyone, but now I became someone who only cared for those closest to me. Life made me so quiet. I no longer wanted to talk, argue, or explain. I only wanted silence.

Earlier, when I was alone, I thought I needed someone to complete my dreams. Then, that person appeared, gave me all the love, care, and happiness, and suddenly disappeared. Now, I have lost all my motivation and hope. I have become a silent person with no dreams, just surviving in a world of strangers.

I do not fear death. I fear dying slowly. layer by layer In years. In prisons where my soul cannot escape. In jobs that drain the color from everything. In days that all look the same. I am not afraid of the grave. I am afraid of the long walk toward it while still conscious.

I understood her better than anyone. I knew how she carried herself and how she hid what was inside.

Wo Zyada bolti nahi thi

Isliye nhi ki uske paas Kehne ko kuch nahi tha

Balki isliye kyunki usey

Lagta tha usey samjhega hi kaun Bheed mein rehti thi par

Nazerin hamesha khud

Se door rakhti thi Sabki baatein sun lati

thi par apni baatein Hamesha Dil mein hi chhupa leti thi

Log samajhte the Wo bahot strong hai

kyunki wo kabhi Toot ti hui dikhi nahi

Par sach ye tha ki wo apni emotions ko Silence ke sath sambhalthi thi aur

Jab use help chahiye bhi hoti thi Muskaan ke sath keh deti thi koi Baat nahi mein thik hoon

wo Over react nahi karti thi kyuki Darti thi ki log uski feelings ko Drama na samajh lein

aur agar Dhyaan se dekho toh uski aankhon mein

Bolne se zyada thakaan dikh jaati thi

During the months we spent together, I understood how she thought and how she hid her emotions. She never wanted to explain herself to anyone. But because of the way she hid things from me, I slowly told her that I was not the type of guy who wouldn't understand. She eventually began to calmly share her problems with me. In those days, I understood her completely, but I never told her how truly important she was to me. I missed her then, and I told her I was okay, but the truth was different.

No, I'm not okay. I miss talking to you. I miss our conversations. I miss your voice. I miss your smile. I miss your laughter. I miss how we used to talk every minute of the day. I miss you're daily rants about how your night went. I miss the way you treated me when we first started talking. I just miss you. Sometimes, I wished someone could look into my eyes closely and notice how physically, mentally, and emotionally tired I was. I needed peace the peace that comes from sacrificing emotions. By then, I had almost completed the journey of becoming emotionless. I stopped explaining myself to others; I just said "okay" and accepted things as they were.

As the days went rolled by, I missed her every single day. I always had the urge to tell her about the problems I was facing the silent battles and the emotional wars in the late nights. But I forced myself not to disturb her. I saw that she was happy with her bestie and I didn't want to spoil her happiness. I felt that if I had to sacrifice my own feelings for her peace, it would be worthy.

I was ready you know

Ready to bring you home and let my parents see the woman.

Who would unexpectedly become my world Ready to make sacrifices for your peace to face whatever Storms life had waiting for us.

Ready to be hopelessly devoted to you to risk everything For the chance of calling you mine forever .

But it seems We didn't share the same vision of what our future could be for a moment I wanted to believe.

That I had wasted my energy My emotions my heart on something that was never meant to bear fruit but love true love is never wasted even .

If it was not returned I take comfort in knowing that you have been truly loved at least once in your life .

If nothing else remains between us let this be remembered I was ready…

Then November arrived. For the last three or four years, I had stopped celebrating my birthday, but this time I had a small spark of excitement. I was waiting for a message from Madam Ji. When the day came, I waited for that exact 12:00 AM wish, but it didn't come. Negative thoughts started to cloud my mind, but I controlled them, telling myself she might have forgotten.

My brothers Vedant, Varad, and Harshad wished me, and their messages made me happy. But by 2:00 AM, the tears started falling. I cried, wondering why she hadn't messaged me. Then, at 2:05 AM, she finally texted. She wished me a Happy Birthday and said sorry for being late. That small message made my day; I stopped crying immediately. We talked for an hour and even played our game together after six months. I still remember the genuine smile that came to my face because of her.

A year passed. In that time, I only spoke to her on voice calls twice and chatted about eight to ten times. I asked my friends for their Instagram IDs so I could keep up with her life. Vedant, Varad, and Harshad gave them to me without a single doubt. From May until April 2026, I gathered all her favorite songs and reels, storing everything she posted on her notes. To some, it might seem stupid, but to me, it was an emotion. I understood what she was saying through those songs without her telling anyone. I stored them because I believed that one day she would come back, and I would show her how I spent my days without her.

I want to thank my brothers: Vedant, Varad, Harshad, Shubham, and Python. They know the whole story and the pain behind my smile. I am so grateful for them.

Vedant: My childhood friend. I used to think he was just someone who passed the time, but as we grew up, I realized his value. He is an "angry bird" who gets upset over small things, but he has a soft, kind heart that few people understand. I know how much he cares about his family and his responsibilities.

Varad, Harshad, and Shubham: We met in the first year of college. I thought they would just be college friends, but I was wrong.

Varad has a pure, emotional heart. He is a great listener, and even though he says he doesn't know how to comfort people, his presence won my heart.

Harshad is chill, smart, and mature. He never takes unnecessary tension and always makes the right decisions for others without even letting them know. He earned my respect through his maturity.

Shubham (Sawant Family): Our CR. He has a soft heart and a mature mind. He always puts everyone else first, and his pure actions proved to me that our friendship was meant to last.

Python: My gaming brother. We met online, but our bond turned into a real brotherhood. He is kind, mature, and never thinks ill of others.

I call them brothers because they earned my respect, which is not easy to do. I chose to write this because I never had the energy to say these words to their faces. I want them to know how much their presence matters in my life.

I don't think I'm healing. I think I'm just learning how to carry pain without spilling it. Everyone calls it strength, but really, it's just silence. I laugh, I smile, I show up but inside, half of me is already gone.

The year 2025 ended, and through all of it, I missed her more than words can say.

To baat ye hai ki mai tumhe bhula kyun nahi pata ?

Kaali aankhein, sunehre baal,

Aur hothon ki baayi taraf wo til... ye tum ho.

Tumhare alawa kuch nazar nahi aata,

Tera chehra mujhe mere saaye mein dikhta hai,

Mere saaye ke bina mai ghar se nikal nahi pata.

Koi pooche tere baare to kya hi jawab doon ?

Khamosh hi rehta hoon, kuch kaha nahi jata.

Main khud mein main dhoond raha hoon,

Aur mujh mein sirf tu bacha hai... Tu mujhe dekh to ek baar,
Tujhe kyun samajh nahi aata ?

Din ka to theek hai, mai sabr kar leta hoon, Tanha raat mein ab mujhse raha nahi jata. Sawal hamesha se yahi tha, Jawab aaj bhi nahi mila... Main tumhe bhula kyun nahi pata?

Main tumhe bhula kyun nahi pata?

Between those days, every single day I missed her so much. I respected her not just because I loved her, but because:

"Aurat ko izzat dene wala mard ghulam nahi hota, balke ek achi maa ka wafadar beta hota hai..."

I have no reason to give up on you.

Even if you show me the worst part of yourself,

I'll still love you.

Mai bilkul nahi maan sakta ki

Usko mujhse pyaar nahi tha.

Sirf mazak karne ke liye koi

Itni mehnat toh nahi karta.

Na kabhi kuch manga mujhse, Na shikayat ki.

Sabko kya jawab doon jab puchte hain,

"Itni acchi ladki thi toh chhod ke kyun gayi?"

Aaj bhi tujhe bachata hua phir raha hoon,

Teri acchi acchi kahaniyan sunata hua phir raha hoon.

Aaj bhi chamak uthti hain meri aankhen tere naam se,

Main aaj bhi tera, "main yahin hoon" wala

Purana voice note sun leta hoon.

Her voice still echoed in my mind.

Agar hum phir kabhi nahi mile toh,

Main chahta hoon ki tum khush raho poori zindagi,

And for the last time, Thank you and I love you.

Koi fark nahi padta meri zindagi mujhe kahan lekar jayegi,

Mera ek hissa hamesha tumhare paas rahega.

Maybe in another life, different skies,

Hum ek dusre ko dhoond hi lenge.

Lekin tab tak,

Take good care of yourself,

Meri almost...

Meri almost forever.

We admire the stars, but ignore the darkness

that makes them visible.

Kabhi poochunga tumse,

Mujhe jis andhere se nikaal layi thi tum,

Phir usi andhere mein dhakel dena theek tha kya ?

Tum to sunti thi na meri,

Phir us din meri baaton ko ansuna kar dena theek tha kya ?

Mere bebas jazbaaton ko samete hue tha,

Phir unhein yoon kuchal ke jaana theek tha kya ?

Kya kabhi nahin laga tumhein,

Tumhara mujhe yoon nazar-andaaz kar dena theek tha kya ?

Kya kabhi jawaab de paoge tum ?

Tumhara mujhe yoon todkar chhod jaana theek tha kya ?

Bolo na... theek tha kya ?

She always bothered about her friends and bestie's feelings, but what about my feelings?

Next time, I will come as everyone's favorite.

Mujhe ab aur koi regrets nahi hai,

Kyuki mujhe pata hai maine apna best diya.

Mera heart pure tha,

Meri intentions kabhi galat nahi thi.

Maine apna part honestly nibhaya,

Aur baaki jo hua,

Woh mere control mein nahi tha.

I put all my efforts into you but

you made me realize, I am just an option...

Khush Nahi Hoon Majboor Hoon..!!

Tere Khushi Ke Liye Tujhse Hi Dur Hoon.

One day you will search for me

but I will be just a memory.

Usne dil toda hai tumhara,

Phir bhi tum uski respect karte ho ? Kyun ?

Main padhna chahta hoon woh haath,

Us shaks ka jisne use paaya.

Humne bhi dekhna chahta hoon woh lakerein,

Jo mere haathon mein nahi thhi...

Naseeb walo ko mohabbat mil jati hai,

aur badnaseebon ko ishq ho jata hai.

Har cheez jhuthi ho sakti hai,

pyaar mein gire aansu nahi.

Agar hum phir kabhi na mile, Toh bas ek hi wish hai meri
Tum khush raho... Jahan bhi raho, jiske saath bhi raho,
Bas khush raho. Haan, dil ko thoda dukh hoga
Tumhe kisi aur ke saath dekh kar,
Par phir bhi main apne dil ko samjha loonga
Sirf is baat se ki tum khush ho. Shayad kisi aur universe mein,
Hum apna adhura almost-forever, Poora "forever" bana paayein.
Log kehte hain koi aur universe nahi hota, Jo bichhad jaate hain woh laut kar nahi aate... Par main toh is pyaare jhooth mein jeena chahta hoon, Ki shayad... Shayad ek aur duniya mein, Tum phir mere paas aa jao, Tum phir mere paas aa jao....

One day you will hear my name and

you will smile and say.

Damn that boy was Different.

Main to khulla kehta hoon,

Main usse pyaar karta hoon aaj bhi.

Sun rahi hogi... Aaj bhi main karta hoon use pyaar,

Aur zindagi bhar karta rahunga, Bilkul karta rahunga...

Pyaar nahi karti to woh kyun aaj bhi main... Karta hoona yaar?

Lekin... uski apni mazboori rahi hogi,

Apna uska apna kuch raha hoga.

Raste sab apne nikal jaate hain,

Ab kuch nahi hai ab, Uske aane ka koi fayda bhi nahi hai,

Main chahta bhi nahi hoon.

Main chahta hoon wo aye meri zindagi mein,

Ki wo jaha hai, jaisi hai, Khush rahe... Basss.

"I wish I was one of your tears, so I could be born in your eyes, run down your cheek, and die on your lips."

"Usko kaise rulaya kisi ne...

Kaise gussa kar diya uspar ?

Chhote bacchi si to hai woh...

Kaise khud ko sambhalti hogi, Sab seh karr ?

Woh bass pyaar deserve karti hai...

Mujhe sab dena hai usko.

Usse maayoos nahi dekh sakta."

"Loving her quietly, without desire

only admiration from a distance"

I still believe in

Who jarur aayegi ek din..

"I never feel like I'm wasting time with you. We could sit in silence for hours, and it would still feel so full of love."

"Thank you for all the days that you made me feel loved and appreciated.

You have no idea how much our small talks, jokes, and moments made together mean to me."

"They say the essence of life is to love, and I think you are my essence. After you, I will not fall in love with anyone again."

"You Will Find Me Dead,

But You Never Find Me Cheating."

I never wanted to find better

i wanted us to be better.

She may be thing that

I probably already forgotten about her.

"I remember some of the little things... like her voice.

It’s a bit light and slow. Her eyes narrow when she smiles. Her long, delicate fingers.

The pleasant scent of her hair when it flutters."

"On nice sunny days, mixed within the scents of the grass and flowers, I can smell her... even now."

Real losers are those who gave all their efforts & still lost the person they love. Every day you’re in my head.

When night falls and the world quiets, my mind doesn’t. It’s filled with thoughts of you.

You’re the last whisper in my consciousness before sleep claims me, and my first thought when I wake.

"If Destiny DIVIDES us,

then it will Definitely unite us."

Someday.....do you think you'll forget me ?

When months....turn to years.

Will my voice fade...from your memory too.

If I said to you "Please don't forget me."

That would be too selfish of me, right ?

But still...I know for certain...

I'll never forget you.

I'm not beautiful.

I'm not perfect.

I'm not intelligent.

That's maybe true.

But I'm not fake.

"What if someday I'm gone, and you can't see me anymore ?

Will you miss the time you had with me ?

My smile, or the way I laugh when I am happy ?

Will you miss the way I get hurt on so dumb things, because

I feel everything so deeply ? Will you wish to hear my voic ?

My silly talks, and the way I care for you ?

If I am gone someday... Will you really miss me ? Or am I so easy to forget ?"

"In the book of my life, your page

will always remain the most special..

Life is only as good as your mindset.

A negative mind will never give you

a positive life."

And if I were able to write my own destiny,

I would simply write your name and

break the pen.

"Why did you let her go"

for the sake of her peace,

her happiness.

Do you still hate me ? I bet not.

"Let's forget everything"

and start again.

Mai apna sab kuch kho sakta hoon,

Par inn odds ke bawjud bhi mai

chance lena chahta hoon,

Ki agar tumeh choose kiya...

Aur sab kuch gwa bhi diya,

To it will be worth it.

And that's Love…

Madam ji loves to read books and

that's why I became the writer for her...

She was an Ocean

And I was the

Devil Fruit user...!!